

AMONG THE WITS AND WAGS.

A Batch of Fun and Frolic Set in Smiling Froze and Rhyme.

A ROLLOCKING WAR BALLAD. Tops the Story of a Game, in Which a Raw Decision Rocks the Honorable Empire's Frame—Paraphrasing With Points.

A Mexican War Ballad. How are you, Colonel Kerigan, how are you, Colonel Pike,

How are you, gallant gentlemen, and what do you feel like? My soldier's slaughter and here is Colonel Pike,

How does the Fourth War rally, and does she march down to Texas, and the old Rio; And will you cross the river, and take the first turnpike,

That leads to a bus, or what do you feel like? Then up spoke Colonel Kerigan, and up spoke Colonel Pike,

And Colonel Ham, and many more, as many as you like, And looking so much contented, and they raised so loud a roar,

That you couldn't tell for minutes what color had the floor.

At last a martial voice was heard above the night, and a bright light shined down on the face of Colonel Pike, and thus he did begin:

"I'd like to live in peon blood, way down at El Paso, And swim in gore from the Rio Grande to ancient Mexico,

"I should like to see the border, yet I'd rather rest my eye, Not to march upon the Rio as upon a little girl,

And all of my grim comrades unanimously think, As a preliminary, we'd like to take a drink!"

He thought he was about right, And young feller, this is the right, To Billings, a traveler of a hoosier who met at the cross roads diggling for angle worms,

"You're 'bout right," replied the man, without looking up, "Fine day for fishing!" continued the traveler,

"You're 'bout right," "Good many fish about these parts," "You're 'bout right," "Look here, are you gunging me?" "You're 'bout right,"

"You galoot, any one would think I had no sense the way you answer me," "You're 'bout right!"

Men Are as Dear as Ever. Practical Mr. Johnson remarked yesterday while enjoying his post-prandial cigar in the bosom of his family, "A-e you aware, Matilda, that flour has not been so cheap before for thirty years as it is quoted to-day."

There Are Couplers and Couplers. First stranger. I like to run down here on Sunday after a hard Saturday's work. Second stranger. I prefer to cots down here on Monday. On Sunday I have so much coupling to do.

Not a Yankee. Detroit Tribune: Chief Justice Smith, of Arkansas, who is stopping for the summer at the Crawford House, Windsor, has with him his family. Fanny, his youngest daughter, is a bright young customer, miss, who has made many friends in the hotel. Among them are some children about her own age.

Where do you live? asked one of the children. "In Little Rock," was her surprised answer, and with the reflection and accent of one who had seldom been out of Little Rock.

"Where is that?" persisted the geographically ignorant and persistent friend. "Little Rock, Arkansas, United States, America," replied the child.

"Why, then, can't you be a Yankee?" "Look a heah," was Miss Fanny's quick, impatient answer; "you doan know. I'm not a Yankee," with indelible scorn—"we all demolish down thah."

Indeed He Was Ashamed. Chaplain—"This is your third term in this prison. Are you not ashamed to have your friends see you here?"

Abashed Convict—"Indeed I am. The prison is disgraceful. The reception room smells like a rat hole, the cells are dark as caves, the warden is no gentleman and the table is not fit to sit down to. I am mortified every time I see them; but what can I do?"

One of the Best Bedding Hunters in America. "Well, Tom, how is it about marrying the widow Burrell?" "That's all right. I'm going to marry her."

"Well, I have no doubt she'll make you a good wife—she has had considerable experience as a housekeeper."

"Yes, she understands all about it. She's one of the best bedding hunters in the country."

How to Write a Poem. A bard who knows his business can bring on the Delphic divinity, stand upon the quaking tripod of the trembling, wild-sounding oracle, and, with a few words of frenzy to his rhyning apparatus, and steam up his poetry motor with the real divine afflatus, make it utteracles and choosers.

Need not wait the Muse's benison, like old-fashioned bards like Tennyson, wait the still, small voice of silence, the touch of inspiration, let him take his cypripedium and his Webster's dictionary, pick out strange words unfamiliar with Tom and Dick and Harry, such as slyzy, subslarsian, aeger, ratiocination.

Then, to lighten the confusion, mix some erudite allusion hidden by the fogs of an agend and by vapors alcoholic, and about some Hindoo deity tenaciously before Buddha or some old Icelandic goddess, in a variety of places, and you have a poem. Nixevet divinity obscure and prehistoric.

will. With characteristic good nature Artemus consented. The ball-room was well filled, and he rose to speak, and before he had been on his feet a minute, he made an observation which provoked a roar of laughter, at which the landlord, his face white with rage, rose and addressed toward the platform with the remark, "One minute, Mr. Brown."

Artemus paused, and the landlord having taken his place, beside him drew a revolver from his back pocket and addressing toward the audience, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the speaker is a particular friend of mine, and if he's interrupted again I will shoot him down."

Artemus proceeded, Mr. Brown, Artemus proceeded, and although he gave them his funniest lecture, he reported that there was afterward no further "interruption."

Queen. As through this maze travel what amazing things we see! The man is looking down who reads the bible on his knee, But he who from a whisky jug desires to take a sup, While in the act of drinking is most surely looking up.

"Hams" and "Jays." "Do you pass the perfect?" asked a seely individual of the doorkeeper of the theater. "What is your profession?" "I'm a tramp." "Pass right in. You're one of us, I see."

First actress (to second actress)—"O, but if you go into comic opera won't you feel dreadfully about wearing tights?"

Second actress (to first)—"But didn't I tell you I was going to visit some society people at Newport this summer, and after I've been bathing in the new-fashioned suits that all the swell girls are wearing there now, why of course I won't mind a little thing like comic opera tights."

Manager (preparing for the road, to properly manage "Well, Wiggins, have you got everything together?"

Wiggins—"Yes, sir, everything, but what things the company is to present to you as testimonials, sir."

Manager—"Well, get one paste diamond, new, and then go over to the Union Rectable and try if you can't borrow their property gold headed cane, and then see if little Inkman has got the company's presentation speech ready. I want to begin rehearsing them on that business before we start out; there's no telling how soon we may need our cards."

A recent young man of the genus dude stood in a theatre's foyer while a pretty actress was singing a risque song. Turning to a seely man at his side, he said: "Look here, a darling, do you know what I want to begin rehearsing them on that business before we start out; there's no telling how soon we may need our cards."

"She's better looking off the stage, though," continued the previous youth. "Do you know her?" interrogated the seedy one.

"I should smile," responded the young man with a wink that was a whole focaceous "Discommer" in its significance.

"Oh, she's a lively one, likes her supper and bottle of wine after the show. I'm pretty solid. Would you like to be introduced?"

"Thank you, I know her slightly. I'm her husband."

"Give me two seats, please," said a deadbeat to John Halim, of Cincinnati, the other evening. "I correspond for several papers."

"Very sorry, but can't comply," "Can you do you great injury if you refuse me?"

"Sorry, but you can't have them," "Beware! Give them to me or I will take you in the office and read my new paper."

"Here—take this season ticket," "It is said that Capoul, the tenor, went into a hardware store in London recently to secure the services of the proprietor.

"In what style do you wish your hair dressed?" asked the knight of the curling-tongs, who had just finished a customer. "Why, a la Capoul, of course."

"Oh! that's very becoming; I'm sure it wouldn't please you."

A Romance in B-Flat. We'd discussed every modern composer, In the course of a daily chat, When I casually ask if she knows a "Romance" by Van Thump in B-flat.

"No, really, she wouldn't quite say—er—er," "I've heard of her, or not," "So I jumped up and offered to play her a few bars from the piece on the spot.

"Perhaps you had better postpone it," "Why, then, can't you play a Yankee?" "Look a heah," was Miss Fanny's quick, impatient answer; "you doan know. I'm not a Yankee," with indelible scorn—"we all demolish down thah."

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here every morning," asked the milkman. "My contract calls for ten pounds, but I leave twenty for good measure. How many quarts of milk do you leave?"

"I don't leave any. They think they are getting their quart of milk every day, but it's all pure cream."

Just then a huge truck came bowling down the street. It ran over and instantly killed both the woman and milkman. Their last words were: "We'll see each other in heaven."

When He Knew Her. St. Paul Herald: "Pa," said Johnny de Blank to his father the other evening after supper, "did you know me long before you were married?"

"No," said Pa, "I'm guessing as much as the lady sitting opposite, 'I didn't know her till long after we were married.'"

Base Ball Fun. THE DYING UMPIRE. Detroit Free Press. An empire of the beanine nines, Lay dying on a base ball diamond, And the gory rocks about him Told the story of his fate.

He had made a rank decision, Had shuffled off his mortal coil, By rocking him to sleep. The catcher stood beside him, And his life-blood ebbed away, And his last words were: "To keep the crowd at bay."

The dying umpire beckoned, And the catcher of the nine Bent over him, "For he feared another fine, But the umpire's word came feebly As the crisis was at hand, His dim eyes turned to open In a brighter, fairer land.

Then he whispered low and sadly, "Call the game, it's getting dark, Let the last run be made, And the last umpire to mark."

"I have finished watching base; I am finished with the slate, And the cry of 'rats' will never Echo in my stars again."

"Place my hand upon the home-plate; Let me have my little mass, Frame a set of resolutions, And I'll have to ask, His use turned to a goodly sun, One gasp, and all was over; It was his last home run."

They buried him at twilight In a hearse, and he died, And no stone marks the lonely spot Where the weary umpire laid.

THIS BASE BALL MASK. Philadelphical Herald. "That's funny about Smith, isn't it? He has the baseliest craze and is so sure of his mask with him nearly all the time. Does he play much?"

"Play? No, indeed; he is too old and too rheumatic to play any more."

"Then why does he carry a mask?" "On account of his wife."

"Yes, she is sort of nervous, quick-tempered woman, and if he doesn't get home just the moment she thinks he ought to, she lies at him and tries to scratch his face. Smith, however, gets the better of her now. The moment he opens the front door, she comes rushing in, and on his mask, and that protects his face from her nails. It is a great scheme, I tell you."

THE CAT HELL DIDN'T NEED VACCINATION. Merchant Traveler. "You know the new catcher of the base ball nine?"

"Yes," "Saw him down at the doctor's office the other day?"

"Getting vaccinated," "Vaccinated—Why, great heavens! What does he want to get vaccinated for? He'll never catch anything in a hundred years."

THE BASE BALL GAME. Gotham Mountaineer. Of all the sports of present day That suit the modern mind, The base ball takes the lead by far Of all the rest combined;

The young man's eye is starting wide at least four. This love-in-a-cottage business, where the only furniture consists of a bed, a pine table, two chairs, a stove and a wash tub, is a most popular one.

A candidate for an office, Can sometimes bid it in, But he must be tender-footed, too. He must be tender-footed, too. He must be tender-footed, too. He must be tender-footed, too.

An umpire must be a man of nerve, With grit and cheek to match, Must call the balls and strikes, too, And come up to the scratch; But if he says he'll wink his eye, And then the pitcher takes his aim, And dodges the ball with the bowels Heard in a baseball game.

It may be fun, but I can't see Where all the fun comes in. In playing ball—or any game—That the side that loses 'em win. You may laugh and shout at a put-out, Or kick, 'till all the same, But my heart lies in watching kids That 're lit in a baseball game.

BASE HITS. A cool baseball player—The ice pitcher. The baseball game does not always come when it is called.

When a baseball umpire in Missouri failed to catch them they call seven fished balls on him and send him seven fish home.

When baseballists begin to kill somebody besides the umpire it is easy to see that a club that never is coming over the national game.

An exchange asks if ever a baseball player was ever elected to congress. Yes, but he made a short stop.

Mr. E. (who is paying his addresses to Tommy's sister)—Well, no, Tommy, I'm not expert; but why did you tell me that you were going to marry in the first place, for he knows not when he may lose his head, and in no business is that true.

The Growth of New York. New York Commercial Advertiser: The city directory of 17, when the population of New York was about 25,000, contained only 845 names, a very small proportion of the whole number of inhabitants. The directory of this year contains 37,000 names, or about one every five of the population within the municipal district. A century ago the northern limit from which names were taken was Roosevelt and Cherry sts, on the East side, and Bay at the West side. Now the northern limit is the southern boundary of Yonkers, fourteen and a half miles from the city hall.

MATRIMONY IN SMALL SLICES.

Some Interesting Figures on the Cost of Love in a Cottage.

THE DECREASE OF MARRIAGE. New Fashions in Weddings—Courtship in Southern Italy—Curious Tie-ups—Advice to Prospective Brides.

Pretty Enough to Wed. Here is a question the maidens are asking: How can we make ourselves fair? One thinks that her cheeks are a little too red; Another thinks that her eyes are not quite so blue as she would like.

They are pretty enough to wed, If only the hearts are true, And the eyes are not too blue, And the cheeks are not too red.

Too Poor to Marry. St. Paul Globe: "That's all right," mused a blonde young man a few evenings ago as he tilted back in his chair, and gazed sadly at the picture in his hand.

"That's all right," he said, "but when a man is poor I want to know how he is going to work it?"

"I shall never marry," I have not money enough and I won't run in debt for anything."

"Let me see your list," said the friend. The young man then handed over the slip, which was as follows:

KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM. Stoves and fixtures, \$50; Carpets for house, 50; Knives and cutlery, 25; Tables, 15; Chair, 10; Umbrella, 5; Sundries, 10. \$150

BED ROOM. Bed room set, \$25; Carpets for house, 50; Sundries, 10. \$85

PARLOR OR SITTING ROOM. Furniture, \$400; Stands, tables, outside furniture, 50; Mirror and clock, 25. \$475

Total, \$665. "These figures are low as they can possibly be made, and by the time you can get your house furnished \$1,500, at least, will be gone."

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"Is the lot of the young man who flatters but fails a cool, level-headed, and stumpy any more enviable?" How often have I not turned from a full-dress coat, divested myself of the inflexible "spike-tail" and assumed myself comfortably with my hair rolled up on the market, fired the final cigar—philosophized. Through the curling smoke I see visions of the fair being upon whom I've expended my last dollar at nearly flagrantously an hour since. I think how cozy it would be were she to be gazing at the dying embers of the hearth, sitting on a low stool by my side, and how tenderly I'd feel her slender shoulders that I but an hour since compared with those of the Venus at the Louvre. The picture is so enchanting I even seriously speculate upon the possibility of making it real.

Another thought occurs to me: it is dissolved into smoke even like the cigar, the remnants of which I throw among the blackened coals. I'm 28 and a string of years behind the battle is not over. I've a reputation to make—position to gain. Eye's fall daughters of to-day do not cast their lot with straggling young men, with or love, rise or go under. The young lady of the period is not so easily trained to do anything that is not strictly good form, don't you know, and it is not good form to give way to sentiment to the extent of marrying a man who is not a fortune in his pocket.

They look like a garden of roses in bloom; Yet over them all there is resting the gloom Of the fates, which death were as if he held In his hand, "That's all right," he said, "but when a man is poor I want to know how he is going to work it?"

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conjugial nouns." Careers, it is claimed, are the result of intricate mixtures, and one writer has the hardihood to affirm it to be "a matter of fact that the greatest men who have lived were childless, and wifeless men." This is explained by the discovery of a certain kind of mixture, and the little task of laboring to satisfy wives brought up with the idea that economy is meanness. The disposition to economize comes into costly misanthropy of old china, bric-a-brac, useless furniture, unappreciated books, etc., instead of studying to simplify and minimize the requirements of daily living, is another example of the same kind of error.

"She makes nothing and wants everything," one complainant puts it. "Living costs too much," says another, summing up a thousand objections in one.